Nurſe. Now God in heauen bleſſe thee, harke you ſir?

Ro. VVhat ſaiſt thou my deare Nurſe?

Nurſe. Is your man ſecret, did you nere here ſay, two may keepe counſell putting one away.

Ro. VVarrant thee my mans as true as ſteele.

Nur. VVell ſir, my Miſtriſſe is the ſweeteſt Lady, Lord, Lord, when twas a little prating thing. O there is a Noble man in towne one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboord: but ſhe good ſoule had as leeue ſee a tode, a very tode as ſee him: I anger her ſometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but Ile warant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhee lookes as pale as any clout in the verſall world, doth not Roſemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Ro. I Nurſe, what of that? Both with an *R*.

Nur. A mocker thats the dogs name. *R.* is for the no, I know it begins with ſome other letter, and ſhe hath the prettieſt ſententious of it, of you and Roſemary, that it would do you good to heare it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. Ia thouſand times. *Peter?*

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace.

Exit

Enter Iuliet.

Iu. The clocke ſtrooke nine when I did ſend the Nurſe,
In halfe an houre ſhe promiſed to returne,
Perchance ſhe cannot meete him, thats not ſo:
Oh ſhe is lame, loues heraulds ſhould be thoughts,
VVhich ten times faſter glides then the Sunnes beames,
Driuing back ſhadowes ouer lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble pinioned doues draw loue,
And therefore hath the wind-ſwift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmoſt hill
Of this daies iourney, and from nine till twelue,
Is three long houres, yet ſhe is not come,
Had ſhe affections and warme youthfull bloud,

Shee

She would be as ſwift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my ſweete loue.
M. And his to me, but old folkes, many faine as they
Vnwieldie, ſlow, heauy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurſe.

O God ſhe comes, O hony Nurſe what newes?
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.

Nur. Peter ſtay at the gate.

Iu. Now good ſweet Nurſe, O Lord, why looke ſt thou
Though newes, be ſad, yet tell them merily.
If good thou ſhameſt the muſicke of ſweete newes,
By playing it to me, with ſo ſower a face.

Nur. I am a weary, giue me leaue a while,
Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunce haue I had?

Iu. I would thou hadſt my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee ſpeake, good good Nurſe ſpeake.

Nur. Ieſu what haſt, can you not ſtay a while?
Do you not ſee that I am out of breath?

Iu. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath
To ſay to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuſe that thou doſt make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou doſt excuſe.
Is thy newes good or bad? anſwere to that,
Say either and Ile ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, iſt good or bad?

Nur. Wel, you haue made a ſimple choice, you know
how to chuſe a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face bee b
ter then any mans, yet his leg excels all mens, and for a h
and a foote and a body, though they be not to be talkt on,
they are paſt compare: he is not the flower of curteſie, but
warrant him as gentle as a Lamme: go thy waies wench, ſe
God. What haue you dinde at home?

Iu. No no, But al this did I know before
What ſaies he of our marriage, what of that?

Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I:
It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces.

F